

The World

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THE LARGE BUDGET.

A \$105,000,000 budget, such as seems imminent, appears of staggering size even for a city whose annual expenditure has long exceeded that of many governments. But do the increased appropriations asked for, uniformly larger as they are for all the departments except that of Finance, indicate extravagance?

Not necessarily in a municipality that increases in population by more than 100,000 every year. On the contrary, the department reports have shown retrenchment and economy in items where definitely exact comparisons may be made with Tammany's payments.

An interesting detail of such economies has been effected by the lessened expenses of the veterinary service of the Police Department under the Low administration as contrasted with the Tammany figures. In 1901, the last year of the Devery regime, it cost \$12,491 to care for 395 horses. This outlay Col. Partridge reduced to \$2,738 in 1902 while increasing the number of horses to 416. From Jan. 1 to Oct. 1 this year the department has paid \$1,903 for the care of 429 horses.

Commissioner Woodbury's department exhibits many similar economies of operation—as in the incinerator at the foot of West Forty-seventh street, the sorting platform of which earns \$12,480 a year. Or permanent economies such as the reclamation of sixty-eight acres of land at Riker's Island from ashes which it was the Tammany custom to dump at sea. Wherever one looks in the Street-Cleaning Department there are evidences of money saved—in the tract of land just across Macomb's dam bridge also reclaimed by ashes; in the better grade of horses; in a detail like the cement floor of the East Seventeenth street stables procured by a thrifty disposal of useless property.

Of the \$5,000,000 additional asked by the Board of Education \$2,000,000 will be required to provide for 63,000 new sittings in 1904. Provision is also made in the estimate for \$59 more teachers. Their number gives a concrete idea of the expansion of the school system which even the larger figures of the required extra sittings fail to convey.

One gains a further appreciation of the immensity of the school problem by recalling that since the beginning of Mayor Low's term of office bonds to the amount of \$17,783,430 have been authorized by the Board of Estimate for the purchase of new school sites and the erection of new buildings.

To the eventual increase of the educational item of the budget no bounds can be set. "We shall have to allow the demands of the Board," says Comptroller Grout. And also for years to come without demur if the increasing armies of children are to get their due from the city. Within seven years, including the sittings to be provided for next year, seats for 186,000 additional children have been arranged for!

It is an enlargement of school facilities as extraordinary as are the conditions of increase which by the end of another year will make this extensive provision inadequate.

WEST STREET BRIDGES.

The visitors within our gates are wont to laugh at our horse-cars as survivals in the metropolis of primitive and obsolete traction facilities. Those of them who witnessed the transportation of arriving railway passengers in trucks over the raging inland waters of West street during the heavy rains of Thursday and Friday must have mingled compassion with their amusement.

It is an odd anomaly that a passenger embarking at San Francisco should be carried speedily and in safety across the continent without personal discomfort of the slightest kind only to be deposited in the nation's greatest city on the margin of a lake where he is given the option of striving vainly for standing room on an infrequent car or paying a cabman the price of a ticket to Philadelphia or resolutely fording the waters to a distant point of safety.

The Pennsylvania and the Central Railway of New Jersey have bridges for foot passengers across West street. The Erie long ago promised one; the Lackawanna, so far as can be recalled, has made no promise. But that such means of exit from the ferry-houses are urgently called for admits of no denial. The conditions of last week were exceptional only in the matter of the depth of the water. After a summer shower of real severity they are approximated in feet-wetting possibilities by the pools remaining from the downpour.

The Evening World has frequently called attention to the need of bridges to protect passengers from accident in the press and jam of vehicles on the broad plazas of shiny asphalt before the ferry-houses. Are they never to have relief?

In the words of a morning contemporary, "Are they to go on thus suffering forever?"

THE OLD STATION AGENT.

Congratulations are extended to an old employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the station agent at Bordentown, on his completion of fifty-four years of continuous service with the road. He has retired from active duties and his reward, in addition to the esteem his faithfulness has earned him, is an unlimited pass over the company's lines and a pension amounting to 55 per cent. of his salary at the time of retirement.

All this is deserved, and more; but has this faithful and veteran railroad man done his duty to himself in rising no higher on the great corporation's roll of employees?

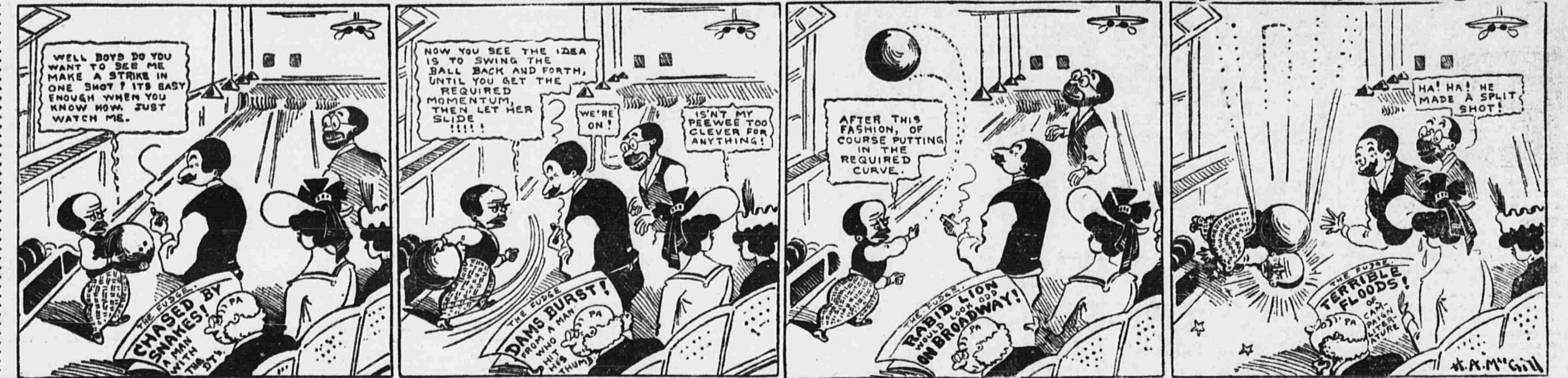
He began his service when railroading was young and promotion easier than it is now. He mastered the duties of ticket agent, baggage man, telegraph operator, train despatcher, and in the trying times of railway traffic after the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, when the capacity of the Pennsylvania was overtaken by the demands made on it to forward troops, he showed his ability by moving army trains. Why did he go no higher?

In the wonderful development of railroading, the fairy story of progress that is sober fact, the section hand has come up to an executive post, the freight brakeman has risen to a presidency, the telegraph operator has gone on upward until a Fifth avenue palace was his and a safety deposit vault with \$300,000,000 in bonds in his pocket.

Were these men less faithful to their employer than the old station agent? Probably not, but they did not have their talent for safe-keeping. They multiplied it and grew great on the return it brought them.

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Endeavors to Make Good His Boast that He Is a Crack Bowler, and Astonishes Everybody in the Alley, Including Himself.



The Chorus Girl and Good Old Papa.

And Amy Thinks He Will Remember Her in His Will, but He Will Not.

(From Roy L. McCordell's successful book, "Conversations of a Chorus Girl," published by Street & Smith.)

"I WAS telling you how them college boys that holier 'Raw! Raw! Raw!' to show you they are only half baked have me fiercely fatigued," said the chorus girl, "but me to the kindergarten if it's heads or tails between them and an old man's darling play."

"There's two kinds of old men. One's thinking that always works the 'Why, I'm old enough to be your father!' con. You know them prominent citizens that comes around you like as if they was going to say, 'Sit on my knee, little girl, and I'll let you see the works in my watch.' The other kind is the feller that says, 'I like a nice, quiet time, and that's a bottle of whiskey around to the flat and stays till he's drunk it all up. They believe in spiritualism and cry because they say they're getting old and nobody loves them!'

"Huh, you know them! It's always 'Se-eh! don't speak my name so loud there may be a neighbor around.' And you've got to introduce them as 'Mr. Brown.'"

"There's one of them dotty old papas comes around to the De Brancos that they call 'Uncle Jack,' and make a fuss over, because he's awful rich and may remember Amy in his will. But he won't. They never do. They are on to you and are giving you the laugh all the time. But the De Brancos never get anything out of him, except when he sends out to buy anything and they never give him back the change. But that don't do much good, as he never flashes anything higher than a one spot. 'They're always talking about investments and what they told their brokers to do about them Reading bonds. But if you come to find out, their money's in their wife's name and she has to sign the checks, and is generally in Newport trying to get a cross-eyed daughter into society. Sometimes you meet him out with a check, sitting in a back seat looking as if he hadn't a friend in the world. You mustn't recognize him then. His head may be white, he says, but his heart is young, and in his grand home he is sad and lonely. But I'd sooner play parks in the good old summer time and tour with a troupe of turkeys, when the leaves begin to fall than to have one of them tiresome old birds on my staff."

"When Amy went out in the kitchen to help her mother take the bottled beer off the dumbwaiter didn't dear old Uncle Jack, 'Just like a father to Amy,' whisper to me that he'd have a cab around the corner at 3 o'clock, because he'd taken such an interest in me!"

"But not for me! Charley and me's made up. No, he ain't working, but then, Charley's so ambitious, and he carries on something fierce if I just dare to look at anybody. A friend of his was a scholar to beat the rats, and if they could only get \$5,000 capital they'd do it. But I says to him, I wouldn't let you risk that much money on the races, and we had an awful fight about it. He mentioned the matter to the old gent, but he said his money was all tied up and Amy and her mother and Charley such a look you'd have thought Charley had a chance of getting it, and that he was depriving Amy, the right-hand heir, of it. My, you'd think he never left the house without putting a yellow-back under the pillow, and all I can ever hear of him giving up was a \$4.98 shirt waist for Amy, and only then because they got him cornered in the store and looked hard at him when the saleslady said, 'Shall I send it C. O. D.?'"

"He don't take them out to dinner because he has indignation. Then he goes to sleep on the sofa and mustn't be disturbed, because he's so sensitive, and if he was offended he might leave Amy out of his will."

"No, sir, no fatherly old gent for me. I'd sooner have Charley. Charley is poor, but he'd give you everything in the world he has. Only he hasn't got nothing."

"Say, what's the use of living?"

ROY L. MCCORDELL.

SING ON.

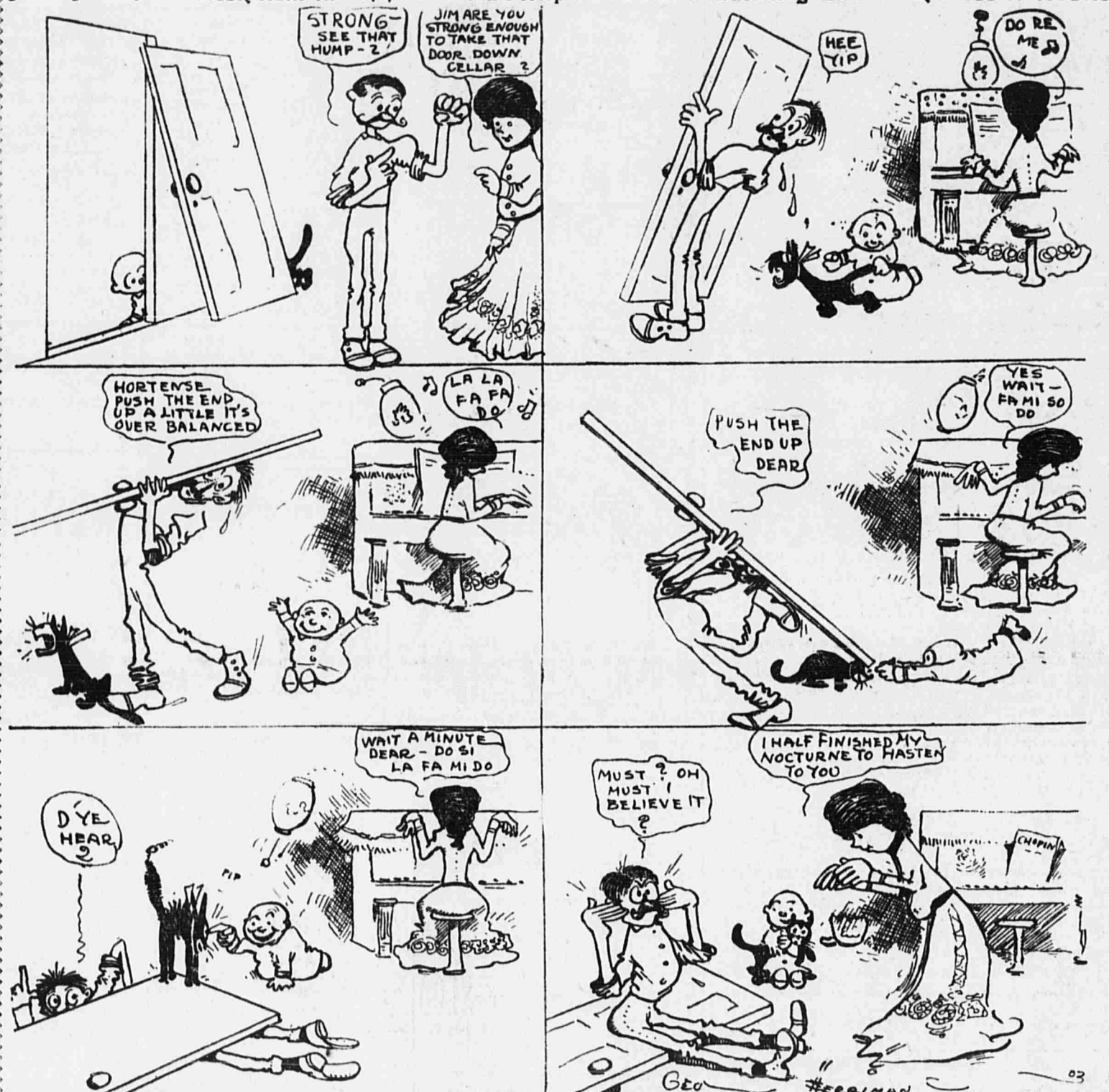
Soon the shadows will be gone;
Soul, sing on!
Night is drifting to the dawn;
Soul, sing on!

Soon the vales, of morning blest,
Tired, yet thankful, thou shalt rest
With God's roses on the breast—
Soul, sing on!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

Music Hath Charms, but It Can't Help a Man Who Is Wrestling with a Back-Load of Trouble.



'T WAS EVER THUS.



Singleton—I say, old chap, what have you that string around your finger for?

Wedderly—to remind me of something I am to get for my wife.

Singleton—What are you to get?

Wedderly—Why—er—blamed if I haven't forgotten what it was.

HIS OPINION.



"I see that prize-fighters fight in a ring. What kind of a ring is it?"

"An engagement ring is used for sparring, but when it is to be a fight to a finish a wedding ring is used. I believe."

THE SPIAN WISDOM.



"Yes," said De Renter, "Stormer Barnes was a rank failure as a tragedian, but he made a fortune out of his book."

"Oh, he wrote a book, did he?"

"An engagement ring is used for sparring, but when it is to be a fight to a finish a wedding ring is used. I believe."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.



Quizem—Hello, Pat! I hear you went out on a strike.

Pat—That's right. Ol struck for shorter hours, Ol dunno.

Quizem—Did you get them?

Pat—Ol did. Ol'm not wurkin' at all, now, b'gorry!

Stories Told About New Yorkers.

"AREN'T you sleepy?" Ned Simmons, the artist, asked of Lawrence D'Orsay at the Lambs' Club the other night.

"Nearly dead," replied the Earl of Pawnclock with a drawl and a yawn.

"Why don't you go to bed then?" inquired the artist.

"Too polite," said D'Orsay. "It's not polite for a host to admit that he is tired."

"I know it isn't. But I got over being polite when I am tired long ago," returned Simmons. "Once I was visiting in England and I had told my host my twice-told tales over again. I was bursting with sleep, but I was too polite to

let him know it. The consequence was we talked and yawned all night. Next day he was ill from loss of rest. I asked him why he hadn't gone to bed and he replied: 'You know it isn't considered good form for a host to admit fatigue to a guest. It was your place to have suggested retiring.'"

"Now, D'Orsay," continued Simmons, "when you get sleepy in this country you had better say so. If you don't your company will be looking out for another star to take your place. These Americans might form for a host to admit fatigue to a guest. It was your place to have suggested retiring."

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has for automobiles is such that he will not permit them on his place at Pocantico Hills. Mr. Rockefeller was driving with his wife recently on one of the winding roads in his estate when he saw an automobile driven by a young man who is prominent in college athletics. With the athlete were three young women from Barnard College. Mr. Rockefeller waited until the automobile was almost upon him, when he drew his horse and buggy across the road, making it impossible for the automobile to pass.

"You seem to want a good deal of that road," called out the athlete.

"As it happens to be my property, I think I will take it all," answered

Rockefeller. "I am John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and I order you off this estate. Warn you not to return. Go back the way you came in, too."

"It will take me many miles out of my way to return the way I came," said the athlete, "and I am going to refuse to do it. I will not repeat the offense by a second visit, you can rest assured."

The athlete had no sooner finished speaking when he started his automobile at full speed. Rockefeller only saved his horse from being run down by backing him quickly.

"Good-by, Rockefeller," called the college boy. "You seem to have quite a temper for a little man," and amid laughter from the girls he spun away over the Rockefeller roads in time to escape further difficulty from the Rockefeller household.

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The Man Higher Up.

The Servant Girl As a Witness.

"I SEE that the deadly servant girl has turned up again to testify against her mistress in a divorce case," observed the Cigar Store Man.

"You can't lose her," said The Man Higher Up. "I read in a newspaper the other day that the poor are lucky because they don't keep servants, but it is not often that the poor have divorce suits. If they did and had servants I suppose the loyal maid would be the willing Mary to go on the witness-stand and make the reputation of her former mistress look like a smear."

"Did you ever hear of a divorce suit in which the servant girl went on the stand and took her oath that the mistress was all to the good? I have been somewhat of an observer of the legal process by which husbands seek to squeeze the muck out of the 'I promise to take this woman to be my wedded wife' clause, and I have never yet failed to observe the servant girl witness who didn't know all the co-respondents by their first names."

"As a keen observer the servant girl witness in a divorce suit has got Sherlock Holmes skinned all ways from the ace. To hear her testify she never works. She is always around keeping cases on the woman who pays her salary, and as a case-keeper she has got Canada Bill in a maiden selling race. Of course the mistress is never wise. She conducts herself in her indiscretions to the accompaniment of a brass band and hands out opera-glasses to her hired hands so that they may keep better tab on the performance."

"The French maid who is playing a part in the divorce suit you mention says that she could distinguish the rustling of a silk skirt through a closed door and could hear the sound of kissing all over the place, even when she didn't see the kissing done. I have never been an audience to a kissingfest, and it may be that some men and women buzz with a noise like an automobile running through a mud puddle. I can speak only from experience. It seems to me that the more on the quiet a kiss is played the closer it comes to being worth while taking a chance for."

"When you come to look the layout over there isn't much difficulty in casing out why the servant girl is always a witness against her former mistress in a divorce suit. It is the nature of woman to be sore at a woman she works for. Outwardly she may appear as docile as a trained seal, but she has that grinch hidden away in her memory vault and you can bet your neck that if she gets wise to anything not up to the rules and regulations governing the doings of a good wife she puts it away with the grinch."

"Servants don't know as much about the man of the house as they do of the mistress," said the Cigar Store Man.

"No," agreed The Man Higher Up. "When a man wants to lay the foundation for a divorce suit he generally goes away from home."

A Biblical Malady.

A leper was exhibited at a lecture to an audience of Chicago University students the other day. Dr. James Noe Hyde, the lecturer, said that leprosy is not dangerously contagious; that it is curable, and that it is gradually disappearing from all countries. He does not believe that any drug capable of curing leprosy will ever be discovered. Cleanliness and good food, he asserts, are the surest and best remedies.

Salaries of Rulers.

A statistician in Paris has been computing the "wages" which European sovereigns receive, with the following result: The Czar of Russia gets \$31 a minute, the Emperor of Austria \$25, the King of Italy \$22, Kaiser Wilhelm \$18, King Edward \$15, the King of Spain \$14, the King of the Belgians \$5, the King of Denmark \$3.50, while Peter, the new sovereign of Serbia, receives the mere pittance of \$1.55 a minute. These "wages" are reckoned on a basis that each monarch in question works for six hours a day six days in the week.

Our Army's New Guns.

The army is to have an entirely new outfit of field guns and siege guns, which will be of a pattern different from any weapons hitherto employed in the service. They will be of the quick-fire kind and will shoot twenty times as fast as the guns now in use. They can throw twenty explosive shells a minute.

500,000 Acres of Tea.

The half million acres cultivated in tea in India produced 100,000 pounds, the investment being about \$100 a acre. The labor required is thirteen persons to the acre. One pound of India tea will produce seven and a half gallons of tea of a given strength, while the tea of China will produce but five gallons.

Immigration.

The emigrants via Hamburg and Bremen during the seven months ended July 31, 1922, numbered 206,122, against 274,000 during the same period of 1921. About 90 per cent. of this exodus comes to the United States. Germany furnished but a small part to this contingent, the bulk coming from Russia, Hungary, Roumania and Russia.